

## The Whispering Park

I went to our favourite park today, Sarah. The wisteria trees are in full bloom again. There are wisterias in Australia as well, aren't there? I took some pictures, but I don't even know where you live anymore. 'Don't worry, David. You'll forget about me in no time.' Bullshit! I said it then and I'm saying it now: pure and total bullshit! Not for a year, a month, or even a week. Not for a bloody day, to be honest. And you are the poet; the one with the fancy words. 'I'm afraid I'm just a gardener.' It didn't sound too good back then and sounds even worse now, I know. 'He's a doctor, David. You two would get along so well, I'm sure.' Another one of your lies, ain't it? Does he know your favourite colours are purple and lilac? Does he know you can't sleep alone when it rains? Does he know you smoke alone in your room when you think no one is around? He probably does now, I suppose. Knows a lot more than I don't too. I wonder how Perth is in spring. You could tell me. The number's the same. Well, what can I do? Gardeners are not so bad, you know? Sure, we don't save lives, but who would water and care for the wisteria trees if not us? The bluish purple hyacinths you love, Sarah? Who would tend to them if not I? 'It's not that I don't love you...' I get it now, Sarah. You did love me. Just not enough. I've seen plenty of lilac, purple, and shades of blue these days; I'd prefer to see white flowers: gardenias, jasmines, and orange blossoms. A lily of the valley, perhaps? They smell great, they don't remind me of anyone, and there's something almost narcotic about them. I look around, and all I find are violets, blue irises, and wisteria trees. They mockingly whisper to me: 'It's spring, David. Would you fancy a picnic in the local park?' We can't, Sarah. You left. I suppose the bread was indeed a bit stale. You said it was fine. Another one of your lies, really...